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the HOME SPIRIT



M. ADELINE HINCKLEY



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The Home Spirit

A Collection of Poems by
M. ADELINE HINCKLEY



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Home Spirit

THE HOME SPIRIT

THE HOME SPIRIT

A spirit small, impalpable,
Makes this her chosen residence.
She has a mind most fanciful,
So clearly sees each excellence.

She needs a pure unselfish air
From heated waves of anger free,
And here she finds a place so fair
At home she always longs to be.

At times she sees worn, weary ones
Return from draining days of toil,
And knows they long for summer suns
To bring fresh life from out the soil.

And here she hears the secret plans
Which make their life so very rich ;
And now their youthful ardor fans,
Yet sees each wall and hidden ditch.

At home the air is full of cheer
And merry words fly to and fro ;
For here no carping friend is near
And thoughts no chilling bonds do know.

In days of weariness and pain
She fills each heart with strength to bear.
Thus day by day they health regain
In presence of a Love so fair.

WHICH IS BEST?

Joy is like the rush of mountain
Brook in spring. Glad thrills are going
Headlong from the brain, that fountain
Filled to point of overflowing.

Gladness is the scintillating
Light on lake, when sun shines brightly.
With it goes the song of mating
Birds, and all that pleases rightly.

Happiness is like the ocean
Broad, whose surface smooth soon covers
O'er all trace of wreck. Emotion
True and sweet about us hovers.

Peace is like the quiet river,
Always moving, never resting.
Though worn nerves may sometimes quiver,
Blessed peace results from testing

THE HOME SPIRIT

MY TRUE LOVE

My love is true of heart and mind
And gives to me her answer "Yes,"
With scarce a thought of what she find
To warrant such a lavishness.

In her sweet presence evermore
I breathe the fragrance of her deeds ;
And oft I draw upon my store
Of heart-words poor to meet my needs.

My love is beautiful in word
And deed. She thinks of others much,
And often has her plans deferred,
With her free will. There are few such !

My love is full of life and fun,
And tries on me her roguish tricks.
She likes to feel that she has won
In contest keen ; so me she pricks.

My love is tender hearted, true,
Her sympathy, both sweet and strong,
Outruns the pain. With balm so sure
She lightens all my way with song.

To me my love is very fair,
Though once I thought her somewhat plain.
But then I had not kissed her hair,
Nor seen her flush and pale again.

To me my love is all in all,
My heart with joy o'erflows. My mind
O'erleaps the time till days of fall,
Which us for aye together bind.

MY LOVE

My love is strong to do and dare
In cause of righteousness;
Nor will he wrongful action bear,
Though it may win success.

In judgment somewhat harsh and stern
To all who err and fail,
Where he can honest faith discern,
He heeds each direful tale.

His heart is big enough to hold
All men within its grasp.
To friends his words are never cold,
Nor do they ever rasp.

To me he shows his manly worth
And deepest tenderness.
Of heart-warm words there is no dearth;
And deeds his love confess.

FATHER

Father, man of strength and cheer,
Bulwark of the home and state,
Children's choicest playmate dear,
Guardian of their future fate.

Morning calls him to his store.
Day is passed in toil, to gain
Sure support for all, before
Strength gives out beneath the strain.

Evening sees him weary, well,
Finding rest at home so sweet,
Listening to the tales they tell,
As they clamber o'er his feet.

Lessons failed, and lessons learned,
Friendships made, and quarrels sad,
How they had some pennies earned,
Why they didn't like this lad.

Bedtime comes, and with a kiss,
They depart with footsteps slow,
Thinking of the fun they miss,
Climbing stairs all in a row.

THE HOME SPIRIT

Sunday, day of rest and joy,
Comes to bless the children dear.
Father brings them each a toy,
Tells them stories quaint and queer.

Happy childhood days glide past,
Under father's watchful care.
Years are going very fast,
Bringing blessings somewhat rare.

Youths and maidens now receive
Fullest love and constant care.
Still in father they believe,
As their words and acts declare.

He with them his wisdom shares,
Giving gladly of his best.
As for them he plans and cares
They still heed his each behest.

Father-life so strong and high
Teaches faith in God above.
He who gave His Son to die,
Must be full of hope and love.

THE HOME SPIRIT

MOTHER

What other name that tongue can frame
Suggests such priceless love and care
As that of mother? That dear name,
And Christ's in reverence we bear.

The children's guardian angel fair,
She keeps her heart all pure within.
Thus heavenly joy her face will wear,
When children conquer over sin.

A playmate much to be desired,
When others fail or storm keeps back,
For she with zeal to win is fired,
And in her play there is no lack.

But more by far than playmate dear
Is she who guides with careful thought
To paths of righteousness, where fear
Of sin and death can enter not.

She studies hard to keep in touch
With various tastes of growing boys.
They scarcely realize how much
They learn; for books to them are toys.

And work she gives and love she shares
With others than her own. Her thought
Includes the universe, which fares
The better for her life well-fought.

BABY (AGED TWO)

Baby's ears are made to hear,
Mother's words so plain and clear.

Baby's eyes are bright and brown.
Looking at you up and down.

or

Baby's eyes are large and blue,
Looking at you straight and true.

Baby's hands though very small
Hold with care her precious doll.

Baby's feet go flying round,
Scarcely making any sound.

Baby's nose she always sticks,
Into every flower she picks.

Baby's mouth is wreathed in smiles,
With no thought of subtle wiles.

Baby's lips are made to kiss,
Something she must never miss.

Baby's heart is newly sown.
It is not with weeds o'ergrown.

Baby's heart is all her own,
From its place it has not flown.

THE HOME SPIRIT

TWO FRIENDS

Two college friends once took a walk,
And passed their time away in talk
Of days now gone, and years ahead,
And of the pathway they might tread.

One planned to work long years with zeal,
However tired and worn she feel,
And give the world the pleasing sound
Which great composers made abound.

One hoped to teach the youth to know
The bloom of field and meadow low,
The growth of plants, which from the seed
Bring forth the fruit for every need.

The first had gift of music rare,
And means to live without a care.
The other had a well-trained mind,
To note whatever she might find.

Two friends for life though one should gain
The laurel crown of fame through pain,
And one should tread with footsteps slow,
The paths that God has made below.

THE HOME SPIRIT

AUNT LOUISE

A dear, sweet, gentle lady, old
With years whose sum was seldom told,
With hair as white as purest snow,
And eyes of brown, with youthful glow.

With love enough to spare for all,
Both old and young, and big and small.
Such changing, shifting moods she felt
As are the lot of old-time Celt.

Her laugh at tale of wit and mirth,
To which some friend had just given birth,
Came bubbling forth, as clear and sweet
As song of bird amid the wheat.

A friend in time of need to all,
With aid so sure for those who call.
But most of all a playmate glad,
For every lass and growing lad.

THE HOME SPIRIT

WORK

Another day has dawned upon the earth
Which brings its work, so often done before,
That, weary of the treadmill, one asks what worth
There is in constant toil in home and store.

That thought scarce comes to one who works with zeal
In chosen field, where day by day his task
Calls forth his inner power. He has the seal
Of God's approval, in which men do bask.

As God did work to form the earth and all
The myriad worlds, and then beheld and saw
Them good; so man still finds that nothing can befall,
Which gives true joy like knowledge of the law.

This makes him master of the universe,
Creator in his turn. He makes the world
A garden of the Lord, and calls the curse
Of that first man, a blessing earthward hurled.

THE HOME SPIRIT

A CAUSE

A man scarce lives who has no worthy cause
For which he sacrifices, strives and works.

A poet merely keeps poetic laws,
Unless a hidden fire within still lurks.

Our fathers fought to keep the country whole;
And Lowell wrote his poems that set on fire
The young and brave. While Whittier did toll
The bells for slaves who lived in deepest mire.

The cause of civic righteousness has had
Its poet. While suffering humanity
Sends forth its wail in varied tones most sad.
Sang one, "All knowledge is but vanity."

And some have tried to feed the heart's unrest
With baubles and vain shows. But some have led
Men's spirits nearer God and given their best
To rouse immortal souls which were most dead.

THE HOME SPIRIT

TRUE SERVICE

In love do service each for each;
 Think out the needs of men
Athirst in desert lands and reach
 Their wants, though one or ten.

To one bowed down with grief for friend
 Just lost, bring hopeful cheer,
And often go and with him spend
 The hours which seem so drear.

To those, the great unnumbered throng
 Where work brings need of rest,
Tell not the tale of greed and wrong,
 But give that which is best.

To those, the young and free from care
 Give fitting helpful work.
For who all things can do and dare
 At home must never lurk.

THE HOME SPIRIT

KAPIOLANI

Hawaii lifts twin peaks in air,
Which stand grave sentinels,
And guard the land with constant care,
Though much its mien repels.

Volcanoes three belch forth their fires
And lava streams, which flood
The island o'er. Each peak aspires
To kill the growing bud.

Yet here and there a valley hid
Between the distant hills
Escapes the general doom, and rid
Of fear, with verdure fills.

The goddess Pelée made her home
In smoking crater deep.
In angry mood, all those who roam
Around could hear her weep.

To guard her altar and her home
Her sacred fires she lit,
A cloud of fire by night, as dome
Which o'er her mountain home did sit.

Then Kapiolani, chieftess brave,
Went forth to make ascent
Of Pelée's home, and thus to save
Her people. With her went

THE HOME SPIRIT

Some eighty souls who followed afar,
As straight to the brink she went
And cast in stones, intent to mar
The boiling lake there pent.

“Jehovah, God of heaven, is mine.
Him must you serve and fear,”
She cried. Then prayed and sang a line
Of Christian hymn so dear.

The crater cracked beneath her feet,
Hot stones around her flew,
While sizzling blasts of furnace heat
Around her madly blew.

She came unhurt, serene, and calm,
As one whose trust was stayed
On God. And those who saw had balm
For fear which now was laid.

HOPE

The Angel Hope had troubled mind;
For much she owed her followers true.
What happy way could she now find
To satisfy their wants anew?

She thought the problem o'er, but failed
To find solution new; so went,
And in a fleecy cloud, now sailed
The heavens through, though not content.

Beneath her lay the cold, brown earth,
With scarce a trace of winter's snow.
Of sun and warmth there was great dearth,
And ice still checked the brook's glad flow.

But here and there amid the trees
A hint of swelling bud was seen.
And now the frost in earnest flees
As pussy willows forward lean.

A load of care fell down to earth,
And now with lightened mind she planned
To tell her friends of spring's new birth
And open plains by warm winds fanned.

THE HOME SPIRIT

Her work she recognized with joy
To stir the city folk and send
Them out for fun without alloy.
For all can share what none can lend.

The hopes which nature does not feed
Each man must realize by work.
And living hopes which Godward lead
In dark and cold must never lurk.

THE HOME SPIRIT

THE EXPRESS COURIER

The nation's wrongs had kindled flames
Which swept the country north and south.
These wrongs aroused the peaceful dames;
Brought terms of wrath to each man's mouth.

The constant searching of our ships
And seizing of our men went on.
They talked it o'er with hands on hips,
And planned their uniforms to don.

So eighteen twelve saw war declared
Against old England once again.
The President saw how it fared,
And signed the papers with some pain.

Then forth rode William Phillips bound
As messenger from Washington
To carry the glad news around
To those whose cause was so far won.

By day and night he pressed right on
Without a rest, except for time
To change his horse. In Lexington,
He raised a cloud of dust like lime.

His ninety miles and five he went
Nine days, a deed no other man
Has matched. From Nashville he was sent
To warn the settlers in the van.

THE HOME SPIRIT

He gave the word to all he met,
And put them on their guard. At last
He reached the gulf, and here he let
His flesh have rest from work so vast.

In Tennessee they made their plans,
And Andrew Jackson led them forth
To guard their state from Englishman's
Attack. The war pleased not the North.

The western states now paid the cost
Of Indian raids and prowling foes.
The sea-board towns their ships now lost.
Incompetence brought needless woes.

Their terms of peace at last they made,
And each was glad to have an end
Of devastating war. They weighed
The cost of ills they now must mend.

MONUMENT TO THE FOREFATHERS AT
PLYMOUTH

Lo, here stands Faith with arm uplifted high,
And finger pointing to the sky above.
Upon her forehead high, the pointed star
Makes fitting crown for one of heavenly birth.

Beneath on lower pedestal there sits
A man alert and in the prime of youth.
Lo, Freedom watches o'er the hills and bay,
Lest might destroy the nation's sense of right.

At right, there sits a female grave and pure
With left hand clasping firm and close the Law,
In right the scroll of Revelation sure.
Morality's cold glance checks sinners bold.

At left, lo! Education has her seat
And calmly muses on the Nation's past,
And plans with care new work for years to come.
Long life to her, chief bulwark of the state!

In rear, there sits the Law austere and grave
With eyes, whose glances keen can penetrate
The evils of the time, and check their growth,
Before they come to be of mammoth size.

The fathers, brave and stern, came o'er the sea
To found a state, where each and all should share
The common good, and worship God in peace.
Strong men and true, whose work endures and
grows.

THE HOME SPIRIT

PUSSY-WILLOWS

The first Spring day had come, and frozen earth
Felt joy at touch of summer sun. It longed
To shake off winter sloth, and give new birth
To all the flowers which grassy meadows thronged.

But Frost was loath to yield its deadly sway,
And still held lake pent up in ice so deep
That weeks must pass before the final day
When waters wear their way and upward leap.

The houses opened up, and poured forth fast
A stream of old and young. The babies took
Their first sweet breath of mother air, and cast
Their eyes around, and blinked with puzzled look.

I went in search of pussy-willows grey
Who dare the cold, since wrapped in warmest fur.
And now borne on the breeze, there came the lay
Of bluebird. Much I wished a glimpse of her.

I came to apple orchard nigh, and found
The bird I sought. There on a limb she sat,
And sang with husky voice, while on a mound
A second bird hopped o'er the sandy mat.

THE HOME SPIRIT

The rushing, swirling brook was heard afar.
Its waters madly dashed against the banks,
Which beat them back again. This earthen bar
Was held by matted roots in rows and ranks.

And here the pussy-willows grew so dear
To children's hearts. Against the tangled grass
The reddish bark of lower stems showed clear.
Their silky catkins one can never pass.

THE HOME SPIRIT

THE BLUEBIRD'S MESSAGE

The cold, cold winds of March were here,
The grey, grey sky of winter drear,
When from a sheltered spot so near
The bluebird's note was heard so clear,
Yes, "Tru-al-ly," oh! "Tru-al-ly."

With back a bit of heaven's own blue,
And breast a touch of sunset's hue,
It seemed his mission to declare
The joy and beauty spring would bare.
Oh! "Spring is here," yes, "Spring is here."

Oh! blessed are the pure in heart
For they shall see the God of art,
Who fashioned man for life above,
And made the bluebird sing of love,
Yes, "Purity," oh! "Purity."

From orchards white, from pine trees green,
From dusty road, and brook's bright sheen,
As spring advances day by day
There comes the blue bird's tender lay
Oh! "Tur-a-wee," yes, "Tur-a-wee."

When autumn leaves are falling fast,
And winds proclaim a summer past,
Then bluebirds join the southward bound
With fond farewell and plaintive sound.
Yes "Far-a-way," oh! "Far-a-way."

THE HOME SPIRIT

AMERICAN GOLDFINCH

The goldfinch gaily wings
His curved path through the air.
He views the world, and flings
Broadcast his music rare.

The finch in yellow dress
With cap and wings of black,
Makes all the wilderness
Acknowledge spring is back.

With call of name most clear,
With words so dear "Sweet, sweet,"
He woos his mate with fear.
It is a trying feat!

On hot and murky days
He toils for love of home.
He longs for air from bays,
All rough with white sea foam.

In winter days he wears
His sober drab and brown.
His life is full of cares
Which match his Quaker gown.

IN MASS

The violets in solid mass
Make rugs of delicate design
And colors fair. Beneath the pine
They cluster close and see who pass.

On hillside neath the sun so stern
They grow of lighter hue, and share
With cinquefoil bright their daily fare
Of air strong-scented with sweet fern.

A solitary one is found
Among anemones in low, moist land,
An amethyst amid the band
Of snowflakes calmly nodding round.

Its winsome face one only sees
When close at hand one forward stoops;
And yet far distant clustered groups
Attention claim from men and bees.

Effective action comes most sure
From union close and strong. Yet each
Should feel his words and deeds must reach
The world's real needs, if true and pure.

APPLE BLOSSOM TIME

Apple blossom time is here,
Gladdest week of all the year.
Then the skies are blue and clear,
Summer days are drawing near.

Trees all clad in pink and white
Shed their fragrance in the air.
Clouds above, so white and light,
Idly float, now here, now there.

Golden robins madly dash
In among the blossoms fair,
Straining throats with ardor rash,
Whistling o'er their blithesome air.

Here the sober, plain chebec
With his olive-pated crown,
Sits and watches without check
Insects rare fly up and down.

Hunger calls, and now he dines
On the gnats and flies around.
Then instead of pleasing lines
Comes a squeaky, strident sound.

THE HOME SPIRIT

Frequently he calls his name,
Fearing there may be mistake,
Though his notes are just the same
Varied feelings he can wake.

Bluebirds come with plaintive song
Making up their minds to nest,
Only staying just so long
As the sparrows give them rest.

Here is beauty free to all,
Colors fair and fragrance sweet.
Sounds melodious now fall.
Apple blossoms you must greet!

MEGANSETT

There stands the house on highest crest
Of hill with face to sea.
It views the sunsets in the west,
Nor wants elsewhere to be.

The sea is dotted o'er with isles,
While promontories bold
Push out their rocks and sands for miles,
Yet to the land still hold.

And here the yachts go sailing near
To windmill doors, while sounds
Of waves which lap the shore, you hear,
And now the cry of hounds.

Whole flocks of sheep here wander round
Nor think of want except
When thirst, where water is not found,
Reminds of land rain swept.

At rear low undulating hills
The far horizon mark,
While near, a grove the picture fills,
Made up of cedars dark.

It is a bright May morn
When tiny drops of dew
Aloft do ride on grass and corn
And plants are washed anew.

THE HOME SPIRIT

The purple finch on cedar tree
Pours forth his glorious song;
And all his brilliant coat you see
Nor find his hymn too long.

He thrills with ecstasy at thought
Of her who listens near.
It is enough to be thus sought,
What else can be so dear!

And then there comes the plaintive cry
From field across the way
Of meadow lark, who makes you sigh
And know all things decay.

But soon the merry chickadee
Goes flitting gaily round,
While goldfinch hunts from tree to tree
His love with sweetest sound.

And in the woods you breathe the air,
Sweet scented by the pines,
With spice from salt sea winds, which bear
The ocean's breath to vines.

'Tis here you tread the dead leaves down
And pick arbutus sweet,
Which comes in spring all clad in gown
Of pink and white so neat.

THE HOME SPIRIT

There flies about in numbers great
A bird with coat of green.
These warblers haunt the pines; 'til late
In fall they may be seen.

Here too the strident ceaseless call
And questions without end
Of vireo now fall.
What answer can you send?

You long to make him understand
His questions are bad taste;
That all things both on sea and land
Must sometimes go to waste.

THE HOME SPIRIT

THE FAIRY'S HOME

A sunbaked rocky knoll, whose sides
Are decked with columbine and ferns,
O'erlooks a tiny pool which turns
To black and all its beauty hides.

The faintest breath of wind makes swing
The columbine, which always grows
From jagged rocks, where envious foes
Can clamber not, nor yet can cling.

Its tubes are now a fairy's home.
By day she leads a quiet life.
From morn till night the woods are rife
With songs of birds who do not roam.

Across the way in bushy field
A sparrow small throws back his head
And sings a song which some have said
Has all their wrongs and sorrows healed.

His highest, sweetest notes are harsh
Compared to music of the air
And leaves. Thus bathed in sound, no care
Obtrudes nor thought of dismal marsh.

THE HOME SPIRIT

At close of day there come the moth
And butterfly, most frequent guests.
The nectar sweet with many tests
She tries; then quickly lays the cloth.

With merry hearts they drink the wine,
And chat of new arrivals, as
The rose who now spring beauty has
And sweetness more than any vine.

She shares their joy and when they go
Gives thanks her house is stored with food
For such as they. Then wistful mood
Holds sway. Her beauty she would know.

In morning light she bends above
The pool and slowly scans her face.
The verdict is she comes of race
Whose charms consists in work of love.

THE HOME SPIRIT

THE INVITATION

“Come to me.” The thrush’s notes
Breathe an invitation sweet.
Through the air his message floats,
Bringing peace amid the heat.
Come to me oh! weary one,
Rest I give, when work is done.

Come to me and drink your fill
From spring’s fount of youth and joy;
Wander over vale and hill;
Make earth yield her blessings coy.
Come to me oh! weary one,
Rest I give, when work is done.

Come to me ye worldly ones,
Cast aside ambitions weak;
Breathe the air that strength refunds;
Learn the blessing of the meek.
Come to me oh! weary one,
Rest I give, when work is done.

“Come to Me,” said One above.
“Learn of Me for I am meek.
Rest shall come to you through love,
Yours shall be, all that ye seek.”
Come to me oh! weary one,
Rest I give, when work is done.

THE HOME SPIRIT

THE JUNCO

A scramble up the mountain side,
Before the sun was at high tide,
Led us through woods where leaves dropped dew,
And paths were wet with moisture new.

The junco's 'tsip soon gave us word
That we should find this social bird
Close by. And there o'er fallen trees
And tangled roots, he hopped with ease.

His friends soon came and flitted round
With cordial 'tsip. Then homeward bound,
They flew away with tail wide spread,
Two feathers white, the rest like lead.

The junco's trim and stylish look
Impressed us with the care he took.
His dress of mingled drab and white
Atoned for lack of plumage bright.

His wide acquaintance with his kind
Bespeaks his friendly, cheerful mind.
He passes all his time in flocks
And at his neighbor never mocks.

Still here when early snow storms come,
He flees the cold which may benumb.
A mild and open winter here
Sees juncos living without fear.

LILY POND

I came to water clear and green,
Whose surface smooth could scarce be seen.
For there they lay the lilies white,
And drank their fill. How glad a sight!

The shore was lined with flowers bright,
Whose colors gleamed amid the light.
The yellow hyssop made a mass
Whose golden glow I could not pass.

Gerardias so slender grew,
They seemed a plant entirely new.
Their blossoms pink waved to and fro
With faintest breath of wind so low.

A clump of cat-o'-nine tails green
Toward the water forward lean,
As if to watch their image there,
And learn their beauty to declare.

Its own distinctive form displayed
Each plant and shrub. Not one delayed.
The lichens spread their mossy bed;
Their fragrance rare the lilies shed.

THE BROOKSIDE

The glowing heat of August's sun
Had tamed the brook's young love of fun.
Its murky waters clearly told
Of rainwashed banks and stagnant mold.

There stood the cardinal whose flowers
Of rich deep red, fresh washed by showers,
Gave hint that autumn days so dear
Would soon be here with colors clear.

It stood in groups of twos and threes,
While here and there beneath the trees
A spike which lacked the sun's warm glow
Had flowers of pink and white to show.

Here grew the long-leaved loosestrife rare,
And mints whose odors filled the air.
The speedwell blue and bedstraw small
A gladsome welcome gave to all.

The crested kingbird took his sips
With plunges oft and frequent dips,
While swallows flitted o'er the brook
And chattered of its muddy look.

FALL DAYS

Extra coldness in the air,
Nipping winds announce with fear
Summer days, so bright and fair,
Come no more, however dear.

Dark blue sky with ne'er a cloud
Hovers o'er the earth below.
Birds, with call now low, now loud,
Tell of blessings they bestow.

Elm trees scatter leaves broadcast
As the north wind passes through.
Maple leaves are turning fast
To the hues of sunset true.

Woodbine clambering o'er the fence
Has a rusty shiny look.
Oak trees of a size immense
Drop their acorns by the brook.

Golden rod now brown and sere
Waves its plumage e'er it die.
Asters of a blue most clear
Borrow beauty of the sky.

Work in earnest now begins.
Children to their books return.
No time now for sloth or sins.
All with zeal and ardor burn.

A FALL SURPRISE

A ramble through the woods and fields,
One warm September day this year,
Revealed the power that nature yields
To change her course without a fear.

The cattle browsed the scanty grass,
Which brown and sere still clothed the earth.
The oak trees standing in a mass
Impressed one with their size and worth.

Here flowed along the babbling brook,
O'er pebbles, stones, and piles of sand,
While asters with a gladsome look,
In colors bright, bedecked the land.

There stood a rock, with fissures deep,
Whose sides were covered o'er with ferns.
On top there bloomed, all in a heap,
The bluets white, for which earth yearns.

The warm September sun had brought
To bloom these tiny flowers of Spring;
And they for beauty fair had sought
As still to joy and life they cling.

A WARM OCTOBER DAY

The sun with joy and vigor made
Its shortening path across the sky.
In highest heaven suspended hung
The moon, whose semi-orb looked like
A cloud, transparent, fleecy, white.

The sky was one bright dome of blue,
But softened by a faint white haze.
The land seemed bathed in yellow light,
Which made the fields all beautiful,
Whatever their intrinsic worth.

The pines breathed forth a fragrance sweet.
The maples decked themselves in reds
And yellow bright, with here and there
A sober brown to tone them down.
The elms were shedding fast their leaves.

Lo, there a clump of willows grew,
Beneath which cattle lay and slept.
In fields near by, the tufted corn
Still stood, and rustled forth its tale,
As merry breezes played their tricks.

THE HOME SPIRIT

A squirrel ran along the fence
With eyes intent on finding food.
No nut trees were within his sight
So off he scurried, tail in air,
To try his luck in other fields.

A low moist field made fitting home
For beds of ferns. And in their midst
Magenta colored milkwort hid.
There groups of gentians fringed and blue
As sapphires, revelled in the sun.

Their color deep and true gave thoughts
Of God's protecting care and love:
For He who clothed the flowers so
Will never let His children want.
So trust in Him and be true blue.

FRIENDS

A woody road, which wound through groves
Of maple, oak, and graceful elm,
Was strewn with fallen leaves. Their foes,
The cold and frost, did them o'erwhelm.

The tall, straight maple trees were bare.
The sturdy oaks still wore their red,
While slender ash trees took good care
Of leaves still left, although all dead.

Abundant life was here. With dash
Of lightning speed the squirrels ran
Across our path with ardor rash.
Our size placed us beneath their ban.

A tiny chipmunk sat on end
And held aloft a tid bit rare.
His coat of stripes he does not mend,
But he must find his daily fare.

A solitary robin flew,
Then perched on elm tree bare and high,
And called for friends most choice and few.
The chickadees gave answering cry.

THE HOME SPIRIT

This heartened Mr. Robin lone.

He flew away to join the crew
Who take hard fare without a moan.

He now had found some friends most true.

A crow flies overhead and sings
His croaking song. And there a dove,
And flicker with his golden wings,
Go bounding through the air above.

Song sparrows show their spotted breasts
But never sing a note. They think the time
Has come when each bird gladly rests.
The goldfinch sings his winter rhyme.

INDIAN SUMMER

The warmth of Indian summer days
 Makes cattle browse the scanty grass,
Delighted that the cold delays
 Until November days shall pass.

The brook still flows along through fields
 All brown with plumes of golden rod.
The barberry shows its thorny shields
 And milkweed bursts its puffy pod.

The silky, tufted seeds float round,
 Transparent snowflakes in the air.
This early down-storm makes no sound,
 Is storm most pleasing, mild, and fair.

Tall shocks of corn stand, rows on rows,
 Against the blueness of the sky.
The celery beds the farmer hoes,
 For there his latest crop stands high.

In sandy soil the pine trees green
 Display their rigid foliage.
The rocky knolls afar are seen
 In haze of summer parentage.

A CLOUDY DECEMBER DAY

All day the skies had frowned upon the earth,
Which like a lake, had given answ'ring scowls.
The wind had swept the land with dismal howls
That spoke of loneliness and wrath. The dearth
Of flowers sweet made life of little worth.
At time of setting sun the hoot of owls
Was heard, but not another sound save growls
Of dogs. To golden light the sun gave birth.
The distant hills took on fresh grace and charm
When seen against the changing, shifting lights.
The sun soon sank to rest beneath the heights
Which lit their beacon fires to give alarm.
The close of day came on apace and night's
Dark hours brought rest to wearied foot and arm.

THE NIGHT'S MIRACLE

Last even time the earth so brown and bare
Lay bathed in radiant light of moon, which cast
Its subtle charm o'er all the scene so vast.
The winter squirrel peeped from out his lair
To find the beams made silver gray his hair.
When late and dismal dawn told night was past
The pure white snow was falling thick and fast,
Thus making ermine robes for earth to wear.

The larches bent beneath their clinging load,
While lilac bushes showed their feathery mass.
Like swallows' nests, the snow was plastered on
The house. It lay in drifts all down the road,
Some piled fence high. The flakes like busy lass
Had wrought this bridal robe for earth to don.

THE WINTER VISITOR

Bright diamonds sparkled in the light
Of sun upon the snow.
Their radiance bright was such as might
Bring heart of princes low.

And here, the stately evergreens
Their darksome shadows cast,
While there, an oak tree forward leans,
With dead leaves clinging fast.

A flock of redpolls came this way
In search of seeds which cling
To the grass and shrub in spite of decay
Which winter days must bring.

They hopped about with vigorous air
These tiny visitors,
Whose breasts and heads of pink seemed fair
Against the green of firs.

I watched their movements with glad thought
Of what a treat I had.
Their beauty, often hid and sought
In vain, made others sad.

But here my daily path had sight
Which wealth could furnish not.
The glad surprise well might
Make grateful the heart that had not sought.

MEMORY'S GARDEN

Gertrude, grown to woman's stature,
Lives where childhood days passed swiftly,
All her thoughts of love and pleasure
Round her garden gather dimly.

Here were passed the merry, happy
Days that come to care free children.
Here she lived her life most gaily.
Not a thought e'er came to frighten.

In this sheltered spot the roses
Bloomed ahead of time. Syringas
Loaded down the air. Ten paces,
Took her to the bed of dahlias.

Most she loved the velvet pansies.
They would greet her as they lifted
Their bright faces. All their fancies
Seemed to keep them fresh, unwearied.

Here she learned of God's protecting
Care displayed in leaf and flower.
Man's co-operation plainly
Was a part of God's intention.

GIVE THANKS

Give thanks that you are made,
Unlike the flowers that fade,
For life eternal. Make
Life count for Christ's dear sake.

Give thanks that deepest woes
Which come as bitter foes,
Teach lessons you may share
With all for whom you care.

Give thanks that life has still
Some place that you must fill.
That loved ones need you more
When hearts are sad and sore.

Give thanks that you are strong
To work however long
The time the task requires;
That work ne'er fails nor tires.

Give thanks that you can share,
And help your neighbor bear,
The mingled good and ill
Which comes against his will.

THE HOME SPIRIT

Give thanks that you can feel
The strong desire to deal
Hard blows for truth and right.
For truth spend all your might.

Give thanks that joys abound,
Like love and friends new found;
That life presents a cup
Of wine for you to sup.

MY TRUST

When sore afraid of life and all
It holds in store, in God I put
My trust. He listens to each call
For needed strength in hand and foot.

When tried and worn amid the strife
Within, of warring good and ill,
Then turn I to the God of Life
Who gladly strengthens my weak will.

When longing for a quiet mind
And heart at rest from vain desires,
Then in the Son of God I find
The perfect life which so inspires.

When full of joy so great it brings
A touch of pain, I find in Him
The sympathizing Friend. Prayer wings
Its way to heaven with joyful vim.

PRAYER

“Prayer is the cry of faith to the ear of mercy.”—
E. H. Chapin.

Lo! prayer is called “The cry of faith to ear
Of mercy” Conscious weakness cries aloud
To One who rules the universe, and bowed
In supplication utters each wild fear.
The priests once called aloud to Baal, “Hear
Us Baal.” Then they leaped in air, and cowed
With dread did gash themselves; but no one vowed
To live a purer better life each year.

Our God is not far off, nor does he sleep;
But listens to each prayer, though He knows well
The heart’s true needs. A friend to all who weep,
He dries their bitter tears, and all who tell
Their needs, find aid. Thus prayer becomes the deep
Strong breath of souls, who ne’er their birthright sell.

THE HOME SPIRIT

THE PURE IN HEART

Oh, "Blessed are the pure in heart,"
Whose hands are clean and lips drop pearls
Of wisdom. They in busy mart
Keep spirit free from giddy whirls.

In hours of quietness and rest,
Their minds can furnish what they need
Of pictures fair of bird and nest;
And "God is love," is all their creed.

EASTER MORN

When morning light still flooded hills and plain,
Lo, Mary left her home and sadly went
To see the tomb of her dear Lord. She bent
Her head in thought, and tried to still her pain.
At sight of stone now rolled away, she fain
Would seek the spot where Jesus lay; and rent
With anguish fresh, of ill was confident,
Though there stood white robed angels without stain.
She turned and asked for news of Christ, of one
Who came behind. Still then, she failed to see
It was her Lord who stood close by. But His
One word of, "Mary," brought the light of sun
To her whose darkened eyes had failed to be
The windows clear, through which soul sees what is.

ST. BERNARD

St. Bernard, trained in youth with tender care
By one who gave her life to work of love
For those her children dear, had beauty rare.

Hard, skilful service for his God above
His eager, glad, aspiring soul would dare.
And penance sore he underwent, when love
Of self obscured his thought of God. This wore
His flesh, but still his spirit grew the more.

The order of white monks he joined, and day
By day worked hard, and cooked his meager fare.
He passed no time in sloth, but raked the hay,
And turned the sod, and gave his thought to care
Of lands and stock. His leisure hours he may
Have passed with books, for much his sermons bear
The impress of a master mind. He grew
Most fast in knowledge, grace, and wisdom true.

He went with band of chosen men to found
A monastery new amid the wild
And dreary woods. And soon there came the sound
Of axe and saw, and trees they felled and piled
Them high, and built their huts, and tilled the ground
Which blossomed as the rose. His rule was mild,
But word of him went forth, and so his name
To this community brought lasting fame.

THE HOME SPIRIT

He took his place among the ranks of men
Who furnish leadership for all. Oft sought
By warring popes and monarchs great, he then
Would urge the cause of right, and was not caught
By seeming might. True worth he knew; so when
A side he took, the cause was won and nought
Prevailed against it. Selfish thoughts and deeds,
He made the people see, were ugly weeds.

With zeal and ardor fired he preached to king
And common men the need of service true
In Palestine. He made the Germans fling
Their banners out, and French take field anew.
These days of triumph soon go by and bring
Sad days, when news of armies lost and few
Lives spared fill all the land with cries of wrath.
And now St. Bernard shows the skill he hath.

The fickle folk soon came and blamed him sore
For all the ill around. He dared to tell
The truth, and gave them word that those who wore
The cross had not been true; so there they fell
O'ercome by want amid the battle's roar.
With such as they had proved, God could not well
Make common cause. He bade them homeward go,
And penance do, for sins they so well know.

THE HOME SPIRIT

This saint gave time and thought to making clear
The teaching of the church. Though much he
scorned
The world of books, and knowledge without fear
Of God, he wrote his homilies and warned
Of heresy. Thus passed his nights so drear;
His work aside he put as daylight dawned.
This life of constant work and boundless zeal
He lived till death imprinted its cold seal.

SAINT LUCIA

In Syracuse, which groaned beneath the sway
Of Roman governor, there lived a maid
Of noble birth and wisdom which from day
To day still greater grew. Her life she weighed
In balance with the truth, while every ray
Of light brought growth in heavenly life. No aid
She scorned, but humbly sought to know the road
Her feet should tread, and then adjust her load.

In early life betrothed to one who gave
No heed to Christian truth, she firmly sought
Release from hateful yoke. And one did rave
About the beauty of her eyes, which wrought
Him harm and left no peace, unless she save
His life by giving hers. Thus lovers taught
Her soon to know her worth and beauty rare,
But purity and faith became her care.

Her mother healed of long time sickness sore,
In gratitude and love to God, soon gave
Her word to urge the marriage day no more.
Their riches now they spent to save
The sick and poor from lack of care. This door
Of opportunity they would not waive,
Though thought of want ahead filled hearts with care;
Still joy in service true gave strength to dare.

THE HOME SPIRIT

St. Lucia's holy life now taught the truth,
That inner light makes radiance bright which calls
Attention to its source. Her deeds, uncouth
To blinded eyes in stately palace halls,
Bought judgment sure. Her beauty roused no ruth,
But sentence stern was passed on her. The Gauls
In savage mood did deed no worse. Thus passed
The light of Syracuse in faith most fast.

THE HOME SPIRIT

SAINT BARBARA

There dwelt in Heliopolis, a man
Dioscorus of noble birth, I wis,
And of possessions great. Beneath his ban
There fell the race of men, for fear he miss
The company so dear of one who can
Make pass the weary day with frequent kiss,
And fondest phrase, and sweetest words of love,
His daughter Barbara, his peaceful dove.

He built for her a tower, exceeding high,
Where she should live secluded from the haunts
Of men. For if they saw her beauty nigh,
Her hand would then be asked. Her mother's taunts
Nor changed his purpose stern, nor her sad sigh
For life more free. To satisfy her wants
She turned to books, and meditation deep,
And studied close the stars, and would not weep.

The wonders of the firmament o'erhead,
The stars unceasingly did sing. The might
And power expressed in them, her fancy fed.
The alternation of the day and night,
The phases of the moon, her thoughts now lead
To images of gods within whose sight
These daily miracles were wrought. But still
Their countenances brought no faith to fill.

THE HOME SPIRIT

At last the fame of Origen was spread
Until it reached her lonely tower. She sent
And asked instruction true, and when he read
Her letter o'er, he felt great joy. He went
Not forth, but sent another who soon led
Her into peace and faith in God, who lent
His Son to man, to prove His love and care
For all the creatures who His image wear.

To Christ's disciples true her father was
A bitter foe. On leaving home he gave
Strict word to build a room without a pause
Or rest, whose beauty rare would make her rave
In ecstasy. His plan pleased not, because
Her thoughts turned now to Christ who came to
save
Her soul. At her command the builders made
Her windows three at which she often stayed.

She now confessed her soul received the light
From Father, Son, and Holy Ghost all three.
They taught her day by day to know the right,
And gave her heavenly visions, which to see
Made life one long, persistent, winning fight.
Her father at her tale refused to be
The guardian of her erring life. He beat
Her sore and took her life, as was not mete.

SAINT CATHERINE

Siena, city of great heights and deep
Ravines, keeps watch within her city walls
O'er all her populace. On ridges steep
There stand cathedral vast and convent halls,
While in between there flow the streams which keep
The city fount supplied. One hears the calls
Of merry people gathered on its brink,
Who come for friendly chat and healthful drink.

Close by this fount, there lived a saint of old,
Fair Catherine, whose earthly life was spent
In one long strife to bring within the fold
All sin-sick souls. And here she often bent
Above the sparkling water, clear and cold,
To take a drink; then on her way she went.
And as her thirst returned, she gladly thought
Of Christ's sustaining love for all who sought.

A visionary child she fed her mind
On pictures of the saints and martyrs bold.
She learned to know the faces mild and kind
Of Christ's disciples true. Their stories told
Her once, she ne'er forgot; but came to find
A quiet pleasure in these records old.
But most she dwelt on tale of Egypt's saint
Whose name she bore, who had no sinful taint.

THE HOME SPIRIT

Like her she vowed to live a holy life,
With hope of pleasing Christ her only aim.
When grown, her father thought to make her wife
Of one who yielded to her beauty's claim.
But though oft sought, she promised not; so strife
Ensued. They made her household drudge, who
came
And went at their behest. But her good deeds
Soon won their trust in Him who souls now feeds

Saint Dominic's Third Order now she joined
And passed three years in silence, living in
Her father's attic with its arches groined
But low. Here evil thoughts of deeds of sin
Tormented her; but prayer she daily coined
That she in strife with foul desires might win.
And here she saw the blessed Christ who came
To bring to her the healing of His Name.

And now to deeds of charity she turned
And in her love for all mankind did nurse
A cancer patient and a leper. Learned
To work for love of work, nor feared the curse
Might fall on her; yet willing to be burned
If needs must be. With all she shared her purse,
But better far did give her love and thought
To weary world-worn souls whom Christ had
bought.

THE HOME SPIRIT

Now Italy was torn in twain with strife
Between the cities and the Pope who dwelt
In France. Small wars and quarrels were most rife.
Then Catherine as envoy went to melt
The Pope and win fair terms. And her fair life
Was known to all the Court and every Celt.
Her mission won she begged the Pope's return
To Italy; for him the land does yearn.

At Duty's call he went to Rome to pass
His last few months. But when a year slipped by
He died and evil days soon came—when mass
Was celebrated as before—but cry
Of party strife filled all the land, and grass
And blossom fair there lay beneath the sky
With none to praise. And Catherine now worked
With dark foreboding of the ill that lurked.

Amid these tumults Catherine soon died
Though still a woman young and fair to see.
And as her life now ebbed away she cried,
“Vain glory, no.” Let that assertion be
Her answer strong and true to all who lied,
And said she lived to win great fame, which He
Her chosen Lord could give. In Art she wears
A crown of thorns and a fair lily bears.

SAINT CHRISTOPHER

Saint Christopher of Canaan was a man

Of rocklike strength and most exceeding size,
Who sought for service with a king whose ban

Would cover as with clouds the earth. The wise
Fulfilled not his demands. He soon began

To go from court to court, where many lies
Were told of each king's power. At last he found
The one he sought, where riches did abound.

For him he worked until one day he saw

The monarch pale at Satan's name. He left
To seek this greater man, whose name made raw

Youths cringe in fear and kings, of strength bereft,
Show forth the common man. Men armed for war

And in their skill in horsemanship most deft
He met and greeted, "Satan, prince of men
I seek, whose might and power no words can pen."

The chief replied "And I am he." Then they

Together onward fared and came to place
Where four roads met; but there a cross did stay

Their progress. Satan with a fiendish face
Gave vent to all the fear within; "Obey

The Christ who on that cross did die for race
Of men! Needs must, if we should meet. So make
We circuit wide and other paths do take."

THE HOME SPIRIT

Then Christopher with eager zeal now went
To seek this other mightier king, but found
Him not. A monk told what His service meant
Of hardship and enduring faith; how bound
To Him he needs must fast, and go where sent,
And offer frequent prayers which were not sound
Alone. To this he said, "I will not so;
For thus I lose my strength to conquer foe."

And then the monk told of a river deep
Which rains did often flood and where each year
Some lost their lives. "Go there and watch now keep;
There help to save the drowning men. Be near
To bear across the weak and those who weep
For fear of that wild rushing stream." So clear
The words, they moved his heart and by the stream
He dwelt where first the morning sun did gleam.

One night he heard a child's low plaintive cry.
"Take me across this night." Now thrice the call
Did come and urgent seemed the need so nigh.
The child upon his shoulders broad with ball
In hand did ride at ease. A palm tree high,
As staff he grasped, lest he perchance should fall.
The waters dashed breast high and winds did blow;
The child became a fearful weight and woe.

THE HOME SPIRIT

At last the further bank he reached and set
The child upon the earth, but asked him straight
What made his weight increase so much. His debt
Of gratitude the child did pay, nor wait
For better chance; but made the staff so wet
To grow and bring forth leaves, and then the date
In fitting season. Christ thus passed that way
And found his servant true, both night and day.

THE HOME SPIRIT

SAINT ELIZABETH

Elizabeth of Hungary was born
In time of peace, when all the land did smile
Beneath the rays of love and hope. The corn
Supplied the want of hungry folk, and file
And axe filled ears with sounds more sharp than morn
Of battle brought. This princess fair no guile
E'er learned, but early gave her toys and gowns
To cheer the poor who lived, packed close, in towns.

Her charm and loveliness made German prince
Ask her in marriage for his son. Thus home
She left at four, and went to soon convince
The Wartburg court that angel guests did roam
That way. At words of wrath she would not wince
But let them pass like angry gusts that, foam
Of sea, lash up. Her time she spent in deeds
Of love and gave her best to meet all needs.

Her married life was one long bliss;
For much she loved her Louis true and kind.
On his return from hunting trip, with kiss
And warm embrace she him would greet and find
Him loath to go again and miss
Companionship so dear. But still her mind
Was not at rest. Her love so strong and true
Must have eternity in which to do.

THE HOME SPIRIT

She prayed and fasted much, but played her part
As lady-liege and wife and mother well.

She dressed to please her husband's taste, and heart
So pure shone forth, that all must needs go tell
Her wondrous charm. One winter day with start
She saw her husband close at hand. There fell
A silence first, then chilling hands pushed back
Her robe which held some bread for those who lack.

A mass of roses red and white there lay
Whose fragrance sweet surpassed the rose of June.

He took just one, nor longer made her stay,
But went his way with rose on breast, and soon
Was lost in thought of her whom angels say
Had more of heaven than earth. At hour of noon
She came, but seemed like one to whom this change
Was nothing very new or even strange.

Her husband took the Holy Cross and went
As vassal knight through Italy on way
To Palestine. He died most confident
That wife and children dear without delay
Would have his heritage. His brother sent
And seized the land, nor would he ever pay
The sums he ought, but drove her forth to find
A refuge sure with friends who were most kind.

THE HOME SPIRIT

Her husband's knights took up her cause and soon
She had her widow's share. She turned to life
Of daily sacrifice, and asked as boon
To beg her bread; but this denied, her strife
For righteous life kept up. And oft the noon
Time passed and she had never lifted knife.
Her penance sore and daily toil soon wore
Her out. Thus passed a saint whom all adore.

CHRISTMAS GOOD-WILL

On earth lo! peace, good-will to men!
The message of the angel sounds
On through the centuries. The bounds
Of earth now hear from hill to fen.

Good-will from man to man prevail!
Now more and more, the other's woe
Each man does share, and oft will go
On errands swift at sorrow's tale.

The love of Christ now enters in;
And prayer the soul's communion sweet
With God above, makes hearts that beat
With forceful aim to conquer sin.

CHRIST IS BORN

Augustus Cæsar ruled at Rome,
Though weary, spent, and wanting rest.
His minions ruled the subject states,
And raised there altars to his name.

And Herod, King of Judah old,
Still kept his throne, despite ill will.
He won the Roman ruler's faith,
And planned to be his chief ally.

The times were troublous in the East.
The hated Herod had no peace.
His son and heir had plotted death
For him his father, king, and chief.

The plot revealed, and life secure,
Lo! Herod sickened unto death.
Midwinter days passed slowly by,
But still the king endured and lived.

A group of shepherds watched their flocks
One night near Bethlehem. Their thoughts
Were of their country's future fate
Should Romans strive to gain control.

THE HOME SPIRIT

Some wandered up and down the fields
Their careful watch still keeping close.
Some lay upon the moist damp earth,
To rest and sleep before the day.

There came upon them suddenly
The angel of the Lord of Hosts.
The glory of the Lord shone round,
And they were sore afraid and feared.

The angel said to them "Fear not
For lo! I bring good news for you
And all the peoples of the earth.
Lo, Christ the Lord is born this day.

A sign I give that this is true.
The babe lies wrapped in swaddling clothes
And has a manger for his crib."
The angel's story now was told.

And suddenly a mighty host
Of angels came and praised the Lord.
And said "To God Almighty praise
And glory raise, for Christ the Lord."

THE HOME SPIRIT

On earth henceforth lo! peace will reign;
Good will from man to man prevail."
Then silence fell and darkness came.
The shepherds pondered o'er the tale.

No time they lost but hastened fast
To Bethlehem the town near by.
And here they found the crowded inn
And guests for whom there was no room.

Outside the house in cattle shed
They found the child they sought with fear.
And patient Mary listened well
To all their tale of wondrous joy.

She kept these thoughts deep hid within:
And pondered oft and wondered more
That she should be the chosen one
To raise a Saviour for mankind.

IDEALS

Ideals clearly graven on the mind,
From formless mass, give life its shape.
When gazing from a mountain top, we find
Our eyes select the headland and the cape.

We shape our acts to match our secret thought,
And strive to win that which we praise.
And thus the longed for goal is always sought,
And makes a path amid life's maize.

Our plan of work may be beyond our strength
To carry out in daily life.
But as the years go slowly past, at length
We win some skill amid the strife.

And he who aims at perfect life below,
At first with stumbling steps fares on.
But swifter grows his pace, at first so slow,
Though years bring lessons he must con.

Thus life grows fuller, richer day by day,
As youthful dreams appear in sight.
The quest goes on with greater zeal, nor may
It cease; for day succeeds life's night.

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